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Contingencies, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Claims, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Taxes, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Interest, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Dividends, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Wages, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Rent, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Insurance, \$1,000,000

Unpaid Freight, \$1,000,000

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WHY FOCH WAITS

SOMEWHERE behind the swaying battle lines of the Allies Generalissimo Foch sits and serenely smokes his pipe amid the thunders and the lightnings of a world being remade. It is plain now that he has steady fingers on the pulse of the raging enemy, that he is waiting through this matchless interval without a tremor. His fresh legions are about him, ready for the instant when the fever and fury of the Germans have worn them down. This much is plain in the news from France.

Everybody in England, in America and, what is more important, in Germany expected the great counter-offensive before this—everybody not in the secrets of the Allied command. For the master strategist of the Allies the victory in the stupendous action has been one of patience—a triumph of the rarest of virtues which the gods reserve as the ultimate gift to troubled men. Patience greater than Job's Foch needs and he seems to have it.

Every hour, despite the occasional isolated advances and victories, the general German attack has grown weaker and consequently more desperate. Not until yesterday have the German armies approached within striking distance of a major objective. Their victory at Meuse Ridge is as yet but a partial victory. They aim to capture or destroy the important junction points of Ypres and Hazebrouck, less important objectives than Amiens, but part of the same system of supply. And it is conceivable that until these places are actually taken Foch will still delay his counter-blow. He may even wait longer if the Allies have already established extensive auxiliary lines, as they appear to have done.

Meanwhile horror mounts upon horror in Germany as the endless torrent of dying and mutilated men flows backward over every line of communication into that stricken land. Three times the Germans have revised their plan of campaign. The later attacks at the north were eloquent of something like panic. This may be what Foch has waited for through all the peril of a month of unexampled fighting. It may be why he resisted all pressure of the fears and opinions overseas and refused to be crowded or stampeded into an attack. This Foch held his patience at the Marne until Paris was almost taken.

The Hindenburg campaign as it has developed was plainly devised as a series of stupendous rushes at important junction lines. Amiens, the key to the Allied positions, was attacked vainly. The effort there obviously was to cut the lines of communications from the ports of Boulogne and Calais to the Allied fighting front. The attack was abandoned after successive defeats and after about 300,000 German troops had been sacrificed. Now, in the north, the culminating effort of the German armies is apparently directed at Hazebrouck and Ypres, less important details in the system of transportation from the two great French ports. A dominant position at Meuse Ridge would actually imperil Ypres. In a more remote way it would imperil Calais itself. What changes have been made in lines of railway communication to lessen the importance of these two junctions no one outside of the Allied command can tell.

Here, however, is a developing situation that may yet explain the feverish energy with which immense forces of railway men and engineers were organized and sent to France months ago. Locomotives from American roads, hundreds of miles of railway tracks and vast quantities of equipment were sent over with the men. Ties and rails were torn up in America to build new lines in France. It may be, after all, that the junctions being so feverishly attacked by the Germans are far less important than they seem when studied on a map.

Terrible as the fighting has been, it has not yet reached its culminating point. The crisis will come not with any retirement of the British or French. It will come when the counter-offensive begins. And so long as Foch waits so long can the world wait in the assurance that the decisive hour is still in the future.

Buy days for process-servers when time film stars get back to New York.

CONGRESS AND THE LABOR COUNCIL

THOUGH a lack of money or congressional recognition makes it temporarily impossible for the new war labor council to realize any of the aims so admirably suggested at its recent organization, or even to function officially, Mr. Taft has just obtained a two-year leave from Yale to retain the chairmanship of this highly important board.

This action of Mr. Taft represents a characteristic faith in Congress and in the country. He inspired the war labor council when it was formed recently at the suggestion of the President in the formulation of a sane, imaginative and altogether admirable program for the elimination of strikes and for systematic and intelligent means to obviate walkouts. Further than this the war council aimed to do extensive and highly important work in co-ordinating the energies of the country. The program as a whole as it was drawn up under Mr. Taft's direction was a stimulating document and one that would be as valuable in times of peace as in times of war. It recognizes the labor question as a dominant one, which should be approached in a just and constructive attitude of mind rather than with prejudice and suspicion.

That was late in January. Congress has not given the labor council the means to go further. One of the tests of congressional foresight and intelligence will be its attitude in this particular manner.

Have you a little generalissimo in your home?

ANOTHER MONTH FOR YOU

IT IS always cheering to find a Congressman who, like Representative Smith, of Michigan, can find time even amid the distractions of war for an intimate concern with matters directly affecting the public weal. Mr. Smith is exhibiting himself not only with a view of having the calendar reformed. He would have a year of thirteen months instead of twelve. The ship might easily be done. A Representative from Michigan has been introduced to

be in wait till each month arrives in succession and to fish from each a group of days. Then he would arrange the loot into a new month of twenty-eight days like all the others. And the completed work would be written down in the calendar as the month of Sol.

The months, as every one knows, are too large. There is too much elbow room in too many hollow corners. And who would not be bliss-stricken at the thought of paying the rent thirteen times annually instead of twelve?

There is a golden opportunity here to immortalize a statesman in Congress if Mr. Smith can be persuaded to change his mind about the name for his new month. Why Sol? Who was Sol? Would it not be better for the House to honor our Uncle Cannon, its wisest member, in this instance? There will be no one in the future who, looking backward upon the life and achievements of the Sage of Illinois, would not be proud to declaim from the house-tops that he was born, say, on the 23d of Joe. The new month might be called Jim or George or Benjamin. And Congress will have to hurry or a golden opportunity will vanish in the coming days of suffrage. Future boys and girls may have to say that they were born on the 23d of Maud or Ethel.

The famous tennis cabinet was nothing to our adventurous statesman of today. Mr. Baker has been under shell-fire, and Mr. Daniels has been lying in an airplane, and Mr. McAdoo says he's too busy to buy a new suit.

Now that Alexander and Killefer have been drafted, a great many of the incurable sport enthusiasts will realize that the country is at war.

The Federal Department of Labor has found, according to its latest report, that husbands spend more than their wives for wearing apparel. There isn't anything new in that.

MUSTARD PLASTERS

Have You a Mind?

IT is very important for a man to know whether he has a mind. The mere fact that he has always assumed that he has one is not sufficient proof of its existence. He may be merely running on momentum, using up what is left of his grandfather's mind.

Don't you want to settle this important question, get it over with once for all? Because if you haven't a mind you will want to get busy and hire or marry some one who has.

You have thoughts, you say, and therefore you must have a mind to think them with. Wrong! They may be your own thoughts. They may be your wife's, or something you read in the paper, or something you ate last night.

The first test of a mind is the power to originate thought. Shut your eyes, put your heels together, make your thoughts a blank, and then see if you can create a brand-new idea, an idea that no one has ever conceived before. If the idea that comes to you has the remotest relation to anything you have ever seen or heard or read then it is not an original thought, but an echo.

If you conclude that you have no mind, here is where we can help you. Send for our little set of books, sixty volumes, bound in blue cloth. These volumes contain a summary of all the original thoughts that have ever occurred to mankind. They are all classified and indexed. There is an appendix volume which alone is worth the price of the set. It is called "The Dictionary of Deplorable Facts."

These books are to be used in this way: Every time you have a thought you check it up by these volumes, to see if it has ever been thought before. If it has, do not utter it. But, if the thought is not indexed, you will know it is absolutely original, and you may safely utter it.

Think of saying absolutely original things every time you speak. Think of being in the same class with Bernard Shaw and Douglas Fairbanks.

Send us three cents a day for forty years and these books are yours. If you die in the meantime they will go to your heirs.

SINCE the war began the U-boats have murdered more than 14,000 non-combatants—men, women and children. They were non-combatants then, but their ghosts are among the most inspiring fighters we have.

THEY are asking us to buy Liberty Bonds.

Contributed by Mustard Plasters

Soliloquy

Once on a time when crows were black, And white was like the snow, I thought a train ran on a track, That shivers were worn upon the back, Unholy boys received a whack; But now—I do not know.

Then I felt sure fish cakes were cod, And bread was made of dough; That bricks were carried in a hod, Consent intended by a nod, A lunatic's behavior odd; But now—I do not know.

I used to think that everything Was either Yes or No; That clocks told time and birds could sing; That people talked and bees would sting; And what I'd do if I were King; But now—I do not know.

For nowadays they tell me that Nothing that's real is so; Creation's knocked into a hat, And sense don't tell you where you're at; "Subconscious urge" is at the bat— Or else THEY do not know!

HUGH MERR.

Very often a man betrays his secret heart in the little clipping he pastes on the wall or slips under the pane of plate glass on his desk.

Dove Dulcet keeps on his desk the following:

Abraham Lincoln used to tell the story of the steamboat on the Mississippi which had a six-foot whistle and a four-foot boiler. Every time the whistle blew the engine stopped.

What's the clipping you keep under the glass on your desk?

SPAIN'S PREDICAMENT

THREE years ago, in April, 1915, Count Romanones was cheered by all the Liberal factions of Spain when he declared: "Silence at present is a crime, for if we wait until the moment of victory to show our sympathy for the victor it is probable that we shall be too late. The present hours are so grave and important that it is necessary for Spain to make a solemn declaration."

Eight months later Count Romanones became Premier of Spain. He remained premier until about this time last year. Yet he was unable to make when in office the "solemn declaration" he had advised when out of office. The tangled mazes of German intrigue which bound and confined him may never be entirely known or understood outside of Spain. One thing at least we know: that the note to Germany in reply to the German declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare on January 31, 1917, although it caused the Romanones ministry to fall, also caused a strong wave of pro-Entente sentiment to sweep over Spain. For during the month of May, 1917, there were mass-meetings in nearly every building in Spain and, although more than 1,000,000 Spaniards heard eloquent speakers denounce Germany and praise the Allies, nowhere was there disorder. Yet a French journalist had asserted not very long before that King Alfonso had said to him: "Only I and the rabble are with you. All the rest of Spain is for the Germans."

On May 27, 1917, 20,000 people in the bull ring of Madrid passed the following resolutions:

First, Spain cannot remain indifferent to and isolated from the European conflict.

Second, Spain must decide upon her international policy toward Great Britain and the other Allies.

Third, Owing to the outrages committed by Germany upon Spain's neutrality Spain must break diplomatic relations with that nation and accept all the consequences which may arise from the attitude which Spain finds herself obliged to adopt in defense of her dignity.

But Premier Prieto paid no heed to the growing sentiment of which these resolutions were indicative and Spain continued neutral.

Can she longer remain neutral now that Germany, probably recognizing the failure of her subterranean propaganda and determined to bring things to an issue, has made her new threat of a submarine blockade because of Spain's commercial treaty with this country?

It does not seem possible. Yet the German pressure appears so entirely unwise that Germany may have some hope that a coup d'etat, rendered possible by the disorder following her threat, may result in Spain declaring war not with but against the Allies. The German mind—we have had sufficient experience—works in that way. It has so far worked wrong. But with the peculiar nature of the Spanish temperament and of present Spanish conditions there is a bare chance that some sinister German program might prove temporarily successful.

A more likely result, however, is that the indignation of Spain, which has been stirred by previous insults, may reach a point which will result in Spain joining the Allies. It is a conflict between nobility and opportunism, for both of which Spain has at various times stood. Spain could do deadly disservice to the Allies at the present fateful moment. Or by joining the Allies with her well-trained and equipped forces she could unquestionably shorten the war and help bring Germany to her knees.

Spain dreams even yet of being the heart of a great Pan-Latin world group. She hopes to bear to the newer Latin nations the relation England bears to the English-speaking world. The men controlling Spain look to see her regain her old eminence. That dream may possibly come true if she puts the Allies in her debt. At this distance we can see very clearly that it will never come true if she permits herself to be entangled in the vicious German meshes.

Collaborating With Mrs. Goose

Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, well-known literary critic, has endowed a factory in Freehold, N. J., for turning out highly polished and swiftly circulating Mother Goose rhymes. Mr. Kerfoot's verses revolve about the excellent theme of thrift stamps. Here's his latest:

We the weather wet or dry, We're a substitute for Rye. All together now, LIFT! Get a move on THIRTY! Every quarter shoots a gun. Lick a stamp, lick a Hun. When we've licked every one Uncle Sam returns the mon.

That's thrift. Then, while we wait for settled weather, get together! GET TOGETHER!

Free Ireland

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I think it an outrage that Lloyd George should force conscription on Ireland. I have two boys in the United States army. They are fighting first for America, and second to make Ireland free, just as they are fighting to make Serbia, Belgium and all the poor little countries free. But they can't make all the other little countries free and come home and say Ireland isn't free. The Irish, even to the fifth generation in America, would not stand for it.

Long live the Irish republic!

AN IRISH WOMAN.

Philadelphia, April 16.

Springtime in France

Just o'er the road 'neath yonder tree Where wounded soldiers crawl to die, The modest violet noon shall reign And lift its sweet face to the sky.

Through sods enriched by human blood 'E'en now its tender shoots press up. Oh, art thou coming to assuage The bitterness that fills Life's cup?

Hast thou knowledge of the stress, The pain and woe which rack the earth? Ah, no, dear bloom, if that were so, Of blossoms there would be a dearth.

Thy mission here is but to charm The weary eye and shaken soul. And snare of misery.

Thou playest well thy charming role.

CARRIE V. PECKHAM.

JUST KEEP THE POT BOILING AND HIS GOOSE IS COOKED



Is the Industrial Problem a Problem of Mechanics?

By Jesse Lee Bennett

SECRETARY DANIELS recently asserted that German agents had attempted but failed "to stampede American labor, organized and unorganized, into something very nearly approaching a social revolution."